

Kelown N.

The Broadcaster



HORACE
MANN



HENRY W. HALL SCHOOL

*Midwinter Issue - 1937 - Falmouth, Mass.

Col. J. T. ...



In memory of
W. Harry Huston,
youngest member
of the Class of
1934

THE BROADCASTER



Vol. XIII. No. 2

Falmouth, Mass., February, 1937.

HENRY W. HALL SCHOOL

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DEDICATION

We, the members of the Broadcaster staff, dedicate this issue of our magazine to Miss Helen O. Lathrop, former art instructor and now a Junior High School teacher, who has worked unceasingly during its years of progress to help improve the attractiveness of the magazine through her friendly art suggestions.

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Cover Design by Jeannette Hurford.

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FALMOUTH JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL NAMED HENRY W. HALL SCHOOL

HENRY WARD HALL

Henry Ward Hall was born in Bridgewater on June 15, 1871. He attended the public schools there and completed his education at Bristol Academy and Bridgewater Normal School. Before coming to Falmouth in 1893, he taught in the schools of Attleboro and Weymouth. He first came here at the age of twenty-two to substitute for a North Falmouth teacher, and then went to Woods Hole school and remained there for four years as its principal. After taking a post-graduate course at Bridgewater Normal School, the remaining years of his life were spent teaching in the Falmouth schools.

Mr. Hall married Miss Marion Gifford, on July 7, 1909. Of their four children two are members of the Falmouth High Schools, Blanche in the Ninth Grade and Hooker, a senior.

On January 4, 1927, two years after our present Junior High School was opened, Henry Hall died after a brief illness.

Always kindly and understanding, he was a truly great example to the youth of Falmouth.

HORACE MANN'S SAYINGS

"Education is to inspire the love of truth as the supremest good and to clarify the vision of the intellect to discern it."

"Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

"That work of works,—the development and training of a human soul."

"Oh! give me good health, a clean head, and a heart overflowing with love to mankind."

At the Annual Town Meeting of February 1937 it was voted to authorize the School Committee to name the present Junior High School building, the HENRY W. HALL SCHOOL.

Mr. Henry W. Hall started his teaching career in Falmouth in January 1892 in the old North Falmouth School. At the close of the year he was made principal of the Woods Hole School.

In 1901 Mr. Hall commenced his duties as principal of the Village Grammar School, and it was here that departmental instruction in the upper grades was first introduced in Falmouth, and a beginning made for what later became the junior high school organization.

When the present Junior High School building was first occupied in September 1925, Mr. Hall was made assistant-principal in charge of the building, and on January 3, 1927, only twenty-four hours before his untimely death, he was made Principal-Emeritus of the Junior High School.

Those who had the privilege of knowing and working with Mr. Hall respected him as an excellent teacher, an up-right citizen, and true gentleman.

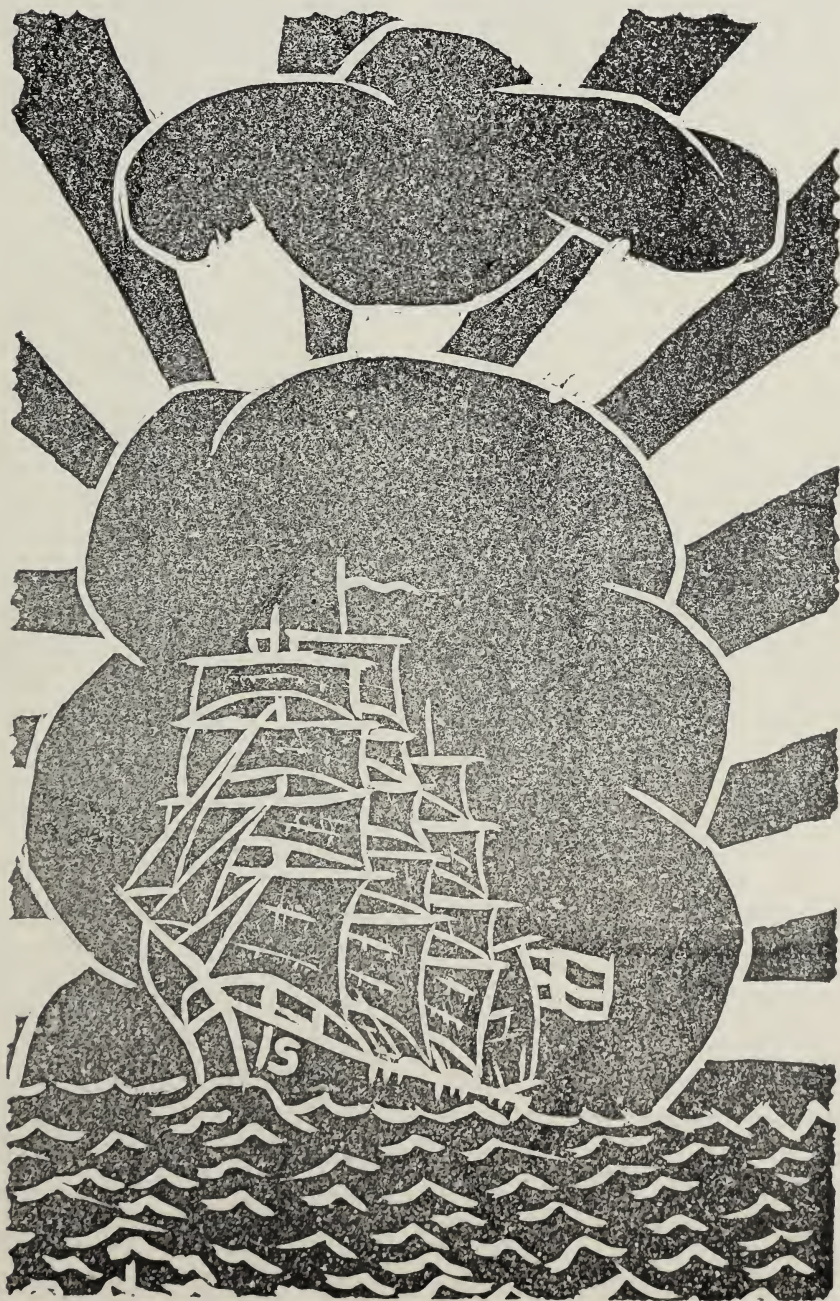
In recognition of his admirable qualities and his service of thirty-five years in teaching the youth of our State, thirty-one years of which were spent in the Falmouth Schools, the people of Falmouth have voted to call this building the HENRY W. HALL SCHOOL.

Paul Dillingham,

Superintendent of Schools.
Falmouth, Mass.

February 16, 1937.

— Literary —





SEA PIRATE
ENEMY—NUMBER ONE

I am Captain Kidd of the mighty-
main;

I've sailed the oceans again and again;
Winter, summer, spring, and fall
Can't keep me from the roaming call.

My crew consists of twenty-four,
My ship has roamed from shore to
shore;

She's sixty feet wide and twenty feet
high;

Her sails seem to float and conquer
the sky;

Her deck is to carry treasure-chests
old;

Full of trinkets and ornaments silver
and gold.

I dig up graves and jewels I rob,
I scalp and kill people which is a very
nice job,

I take all the jewels and gold and
store

It in my chest and keep adding more.
When they are full I take 'em far
away,

And bury 'em deep and hope there
they will stay.

Then I kill my men; dead men tell
no tales;

And I start treasure hunting again,
hoist up my sails.

Ahoy! Ahoy! This is fun—

I am sea-pirate enemy, number one.

Dorothy Francis, '37

BALLAD OF CAPTAIN LEECH.

Seven men with a chest rowed in
To the island's sandy beach;
Six with the chest, of the crew were
best,—

And the other was Captain Leech.

Captain Leech who was the worst
Of the Brotherhood of the Coast,
(Each member of this fraternity
Killed twenty men at the most—
But Captain Leech of murder cruel
One hundred and ten could boast!)

The six crew-men, a hole dug they,
In the middle of a glen,
But they dug so hard and they dug so
deep,

That they never came out again!

That is the story the captain told
When he returned alone;
And there they mould in a grave of
gold,

Now men of whitened bone.

Chorus

If there lives a man who's as bad as
Leech,

Then let him stay his talk;
For Captain Leech, with swinging feet,
Hangs on Execution Dock.

Robert Simmons, '37.

STORMTIDE

A rampant, furied gale did blow
From winter's outstretched hand;
Along the surf the broken spars
Lay endless on the sand.

A seagull cried above the waves,
Their foamy froth heaved high,
Against a battered sailing ship,
Whose journey's end was nigh.

Its masts were floating timber,
The rigging torn did moan,
Its faithful crew a total loss;
The Captain remained, alone.

But never ceased the roaring blast;
Its battle still raged on,
And now not even one is left,
For the Captain, too, has gone.

Jeannette Hurford, '37.



THE SKELETON SPEAKS

Prologue

After the finding of the treasure, the narrator in Poe's "Gold Bug" wandered along the beach and his eye was arrested by a gleaming object in the underbrush. Upon investigating he found it to be a piece of old rotting metal in the rude shape of a helmet surmounted by a silver ornament which had caught the sun's rays and thus attracted his attention. Lying near the helmet was a contorted skeleton, holding in his hand some metal weapon, rotted beyond recognition. What was the narrator's horror to discover the skeleton speaking?

Author

PART I

"Around us, the sea stretched, painted a vivid red by the setting sun's rays. Above us was the infinite sky rapidly taking on the shades and shadows of night. Far away, on the horizon, hidden by a fog bank lay the cliffs of Cornwall. In the midst of this grandeur, our ship, a trireme, rested on her oars, a portrait of glorious Phœnicia, Ruler of the Sea.

"My name was Pheles and I was a Phœnician merchant from Tyre, journeying from our colonies in Carthage to the tin mines of Britain. Our ship was commanded by a naval officer and manned by slaves from the mines of Cadiz. We carried a score of picked bowmen and a catapult was mounted in the stern. Why all this armament? Because, in our hold rested a fortune,

a king's ransom in jewels gathered from the four corners of the known world. Eastern rubies from Ophir, minted money of Tyre and Sidon and strange glittering stones brought from 'Terra Nigri' by enterprising Phœnician seamen. This fabulous sum was entrusted to us to deliver to the priests of Ptolemy in Cornwall, where a temple was to be erected to the Gods.

"To return to the ship, all eyes were turned toward the stern where, at a distance of two or three hundred oars' lengths, a Cretan galley rode, sitting easily in the water and with armament. We listened to the captain who spoke in a low voice so as not to excite the oarsmen:

'She could overtake us if she so desired. There can be but one object in her thus dogging our steps. They hope we will lead them to the Tin Islands. I, for one, will perish rather than lead the accursed barbarians to the mines. Now, before our pursuer sees the coast of Britain we will lead them off into the 'sea of darkness' and may no man of them see light again.

"There was not a man present who would not have ridden the ship on the rocks and thus destroyed the alien vessel which would follow us.

"But to head the ship into the unknown, the dark sea, where no man had ventured and no creature could exist, where strange monsters dwelt who would snap the ship up in their slaving jaws. There were those who essayed that if you went far enough you would fall off the edge into eternity. For some moments after the fateful command no man spoke. Almost every one in the company was paralyzed with fear.

"Slowly the great ship swung around until the red orb of the setting sun was just astern. The oarsmen, near dead with fatigue, were allowed to rest on their oars awhile; then the ship of sacrifice again moved forward and was lost in the falling shadows of night."



PART II

At this juncture the empty sockets of the skeleton and all his bones seemed to shrivel and shrink and his face was turned toward heaven as if in deep pain or anguish.

"For months," he continued, "we sailed west. We weathered fierce storms and battled with our own fears until it seemed our endurance would break, but always after us, as if it were a shadow, came the Cretan galley, sails set; every man at his post. So perfect was it, so perfect seemed its pose that we later supposed it to be a ghost ship until one morning after a gale, it was no more. That same afternoon far out on the southwest quarter, land was seen. So great was our joy that we drew lots and threw one of our men overboard as a sacrifice to Ptolemy.

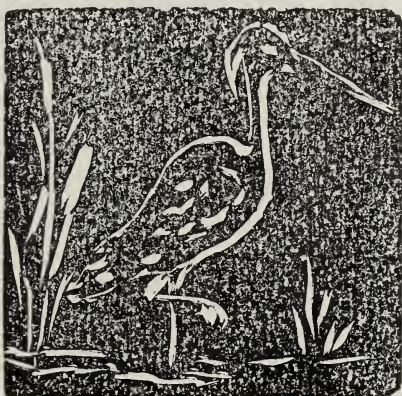
"As the land rose higher we perceived it to be covered with vegetation. Our ship's crew gathered in the bow, silent. Many had died of starvation and others would not survive. As evening drew on we threw precaution aside and waded through the surf to shore. The men were as men gone mad, as indeed I believe some did. They danced and sang and kissed the very earth. A spring was found and we partook of the fruits the island afforded which were few and sour, and drank water to our hearts' content. Just as the life was coming back to us and we were filled again with the love of living a man near the

fringe of underbrush that bordered the beach screamed and staggered backward, to fall with a moan headlong on the sand. An arrow had pierced his throat. Another fell, an arrow jutting from his ribs. Soon a perfect hail of flint-tipped arrows was coming from the underbrush. I was assailed with fear and crept along the beach taking shelter in a huge tree. I continued to hear frightful screams although the orgy of killing was out of my sight. Far into the night these screams continued and I could but imagine the tortures being inflicted upon my shipmates. All that night I remained in my tree and all the next day, never daring to venture after food or water. After two days in the tree my hunger overcame me and I left the tree in search of food.

"It was not until after I had found some strange, sour, but wholesome fruit that I gave thought to the treasure. Thoughtlessly, then, I ran down the beach, waded to the ship, and climbed aboard. The ship was as we had left it. In the hold, the treasure lay secure.

"The next few days I was involved in moving the treasure. In my emaciated condition it was a day's task to move a canvas full of gold ingots and silver ornaments to the shore and thence up to a small clearing where I had dug a pit, intending to deposit the treasure there. On the last of the four days I had moved all the treasure up to the open hole and was about to fill the pit when I was shot from behind with a steel-tipped shaft. An Indian, you say, had picked up one of my shipmate's arrows and pressed it to his own use. Again you say it was one of my shipmates himself who had so treacherously ended my life. All I can say is before dying I saw the point of the arrow which had pierced my side and protruded from my chest. The arrow that ended my life was of Cretan make."

John T. Hough, '37



EPISODE OF THE SHORE

A Great Blue Heron stood on a rock on the point at Falmouth Cliffs and carefully preened his feathers with his long, powerful bill, pausing at intervals to lift his crested head and make sure that no danger threatened.

At the same time, in another part of the large cove, there was a turbulence on the surface of the water as if a gust of wind were passing over it. This was caused by a large school of minnows which made the water seem to boil, as they desperately attempted to escape a ravaging bluefish which had driven them close to the shore.

Suddenly the heron stretched his neck and, as if testing the watchfulness of the minnows, cautiously flapped to another rock a few feet nearer to the school. Then, assured that the fish were unaware of his presence, he flew across the cove and alighted in the shallow water, not more than ten feet away from them. Again stretching his neck to the utmost he slowly approached step by step, drew his neck into an S shape and, in a movement so fast that it was almost undetectable, his great bill shot downwards and, with a vigorous gulp, several minnows were no more.

This procedure had been repeated again and again when the barking of a

far off dog disturbed his feasting. The great heron took flight with a hoarse cry and, silhouetted against the rapidly darkening sky, flapped away into the dusk.

Bille Carlson, '37

HAPPINESS

In my mind unhappy people are those who do not appreciate what they themselves have, but are ever envious of others.

Good health, enough to eat, and a roof over your head is sufficient cause for anyone to rejoice and count his blessings. And when in addition one can enjoy the beauties of nature and the privileges of the public libraries and schools as we on Cape Cod can, one should indeed be happy.

Have you ever tried doing little things for others? It is surprising how much pleasure you can derive from this.

When one lives in such a beautiful world as this, where happiness is almost sitting on your door-step—just begging to be accepted, and one sees selfish, envious, self-pitying people, it is not then strange to us—why they are unhappy.

Muriel Gediman, '38

BRAVE PATRIOTS

Washington and Lincoln, patriots of old,

Strong in stature, as in mind; ever brave and bold,

Struggling for their country; doing what was right,

Proving to the nation their ability to fight.

Kind hearted gentlemen, courageous, big, and true,

Working for their country's good, their whole life through.

Anita Manley, '38



THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

'Twas in the air, that snowy morn,
'Twas sparkling, cool and clear,
The very breeze did seem to bring
Good tidings and good cheer.

People smiled so bright in passing,
Children laughed with glee,
Even sober businessmen
Did talk most cheerily.

I hurried on, o'erfilled with joy,
At what, I did not know,
Except, perhaps, 'twas gladness at
The first and glorious snow.

'Twas there at morn, 'twas there at
noon,
'Twas at fall of night,
As I hurried through the deepening
dusk
To my old home's welcoming light.

As I approached I heard a voice,
Then many, loud and merry,
And as I stepped inside I saw
A sight most bright and cheery.

Around the room hilarious groups
Danced and sang and played,
And over by the fireside
A huge, green wreath was laid.

All around were sprigs of holly,
A dazzling, gleaming show,
And mingled shrieks of lassies,
When caught under mistletoe.

Oh, 'twas there most certainly,
For all to see and hear it!
For all alike were caught today,
In the cheerful Christmas spirit!

Roberta Jones, '37

WINTER

There are four seasons in a year and we are now having winter; or what is supposed to be winter. To me winter is a cold season with snow on the ground (a majority of the time) and plenty of good safe ice for skating. A good snowball fight now and then helps to keep up a good winter spirit. This winter is just the opposite from my idea of a really fine winter. I should like to have it either warm enough for summer sports, such as swimming and boating, or have it cold enough for winter sports. I am hoping for some snow and ice before the March of Time brings us "Spring".

Jean Wagner, '39

THE LONGEST NIGHT I EVER SPENT

Just as I was about asleep, a loud bang awoke me. At first I did not know where I was, but then I remembered. I was on a Girl Scout overnight hike in a camp in the woods. The moon was shining brightly on my cot. Then another bang! Then something that sounded like a motor. My bed companion awoke, and together we decided to investigate. We got up, took the flashlight and looked around, but could not find a window or door loose. We settled back in bed, and for a while, were not disturbed.

Bang! We both jumped, resolving we wouldn't be afraid. Nothing happened after that to disturb our peace, and we fell asleep.

In the morning, after looking around, we discovered that one of our friends kindly left a door opened so we could visit during the night. (We didn't think of looking there.) What the noise like a motor was, I have not found out to this day. Do you suppose it could have been Imagination?

Carol Barrows, '38



MY HOBBY

I have two hobbies which I think are very interesting, one is to collect stamps and the other is to make models of boats, airplanes, and trains. Some of the models I have made are the "De-Witt Clinton", a model of a train of 1860, and one of the present type, one of the "Anita", Arthur Weeks's boat, the "Queen Mary", and many others. I like to go down to the bench and pick up a piece of wood and start to make a model. Some models come out good, and still others are going along well when "crack" they split. So, like other hobbies, it has its ups and downs.

Edward Handy, '38

CLOTHES DESIGN

My hobby is designing clothes, using paper dolls as models. As the styles change, I design new patterns for the paper models. I have had as many as 120 models at once. I make clothes for summer sports and winter sports, formal gowns and morning dresses, skirts and sweaters and suits. The clothes are in a variety of colors. It is a fascinating hobby, and I get many hours of enjoyment from it.

Betty Schroeder, '38

MAKING SCRAPBOOKS

One of the things that I like best to do is to make scrapbooks. Some are just little odds and ends of things that I like, others are movie scrapbooks, and still others are of scenes. Just now I am working on a nature scrapbook. I have pictures of birds, butterflies, fish and every kind of creature imaginable. The prettiest of the pictures are the colored plates of butterflies. This is one hobby which I have not grown tired of, and I hope to begin another scrapbook soon of pictures of dogs and horses of which I am very fond.

Shirley Landers, '38

CATS!

My hobby is collecting cats, both pictures of cats, and the felines themselves. I have a number of cats, eight when they are all together, but they sometimes seem to be one hundred. I have two china pussies, and many pictures. Although likenesses are not as good as cats themselves, these graceful animals do certainly photograph extremely well.

I have been bringing cats home from an area as large as from Falmouth Heights to Middleboro, and they have gone again, from Falmouth to Hyde Park near Boston.

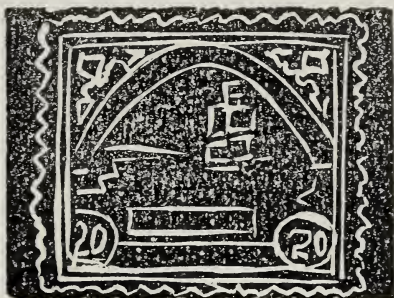
It is really fun to collect them, but I get so fond of them, and when they get killed or die, I don't know what to do without them.

Jeanne Davis, '39

ONE MEANS OF TRAVELING

My spare time is occupied in traveling. I have seen the cocoa bean in its shell in Ecuador; the pigmies, the hippos, the zebra-striped antelope, and the red-bush-pigmies and pigs of Liberia, the savage natives seeking water in the Penryhyn Islands, the lions of Paraguay and the palm trees of Southern Aitutaki. I have observed the president of that peaceful settlement nestled in the mountains of Europe, Andora; the kangaroo of Australia, and the symbolic junks of China. It has been my pleasure to have seen the industrious Chinese laborers thrashing rice from dawn till dusk, and the farmers of Eritrea driving their oxen in their gardens. I hold in memory those gigantic pyramids and the impressive Sphinx of Egypt. Oft times have I viewed beautiful Mount Fujiyama of Japan; and, best of all, I may see these sights over and over again by just sitting at my desk and—opening my stamp album and studying the stories that the pictures on the stamps have to tell.

Betty Davis, '37



MY HOBBY

One gloomy Sunday afternoon Chris walked in to find me in a mad deluge of encyclopedias, dictionaries, and paper spread all over the den floor. At first she didn't know what to think. Then I asked her to come in while I explained I was working on my stamp album. When she inquired about the encyclopedias, I told her that I liked to look up the history of the stamp and then to write about it. She didn't think that was very interesting, so I gave her an example as I will you.

On the stamp I was then examining was a picture of a sailing vessel entering a harbor. Underneath it was written the Golden Gate. Of course I knew where the Golden Gate was, but when it came down to brass tacks I really didn't know much about it, so I looked it up and this is what I found.

The Golden Gate is a channel two miles wide forming the entrance of San Francisco Bay. It is defended by fortifications on both sides and is spanned by a great bridge. The bridge is 4200 feet in length and is supported by towers 740 feet in height.

My method of collecting greatly intrigued Chris and she is starting a book herself. I have only American stamps so far, but I'm going to start a foreign collection also.

Jill Williams, '37

MY HOBBY—MICROSCOPY

My spare-time hobby is microscopy. I have a microscope of five hundred power, numerous stains, dissecting instruments, slides, and a dissecting stand.

In a drop of stagnant water I can see hundreds of tiny animalcula swimming about. Some of them move so fast that I can hardly keep up with them as they move across the slide. Others move more slowly, such as the paramecium, sometimes called the slipper animalcule, which move along by means of fine hairs along the edge of its body called cilia that beat the water like oars. While it moves about it pokes its head into bits of debris in search of food.

It is a very interesting hobby and I am never at a loss for something to examine.

James Harding, '38

SKIING

I don't know whether you would call skiing a hobby or not, but I would rather ski than skate, slide, read, collect stamps, or go to the movies. I have two pairs of skis, one pair that is too big and one pair of skis too small. I ski down the hill in front of my house. It is steep enough, but not long enough. I have to sit down and go into the bushes to keep from going into the street. This year I hope to find a bigger and better hill to ski on and then I can try to make some decent jumps. At first I used to find it hard to get my feet in both skis before the other one went down the hill without me. But now I find it comparatively easy. I think it is hard to land with both skis straight out in front of you after a jump. Perhaps some day I will be able to ski on a real slide with a huge jump like the kind you see in the movies.

Patricia Hendrie, '37

ONE IN A MILLION

This picture certainly is "one in a million" for it is very seldom that you find such talent and ability combined. In her first movie Sonja Henie displays her marvelous skating and fine acting to advantage. She is ably supported by Jean Hersholt as her father who is so anxious for her to win in the Olympics, Adolphe Menjou as the fast talking theatrical producer who nearly ruins her career, and Don Ameche whose rise to screen prominence has also been short and sensational.

It is the story of a Swiss girl who wins the figure skating championship and finds love in a handsome American reporter who helps her in her rise to fame.

Woven in through the plot are fine exhibitions of skating of the star and the music of Leah Ray and Borrah Minnevitich and his gang. The comedy of Ned Sparks and the Ritz Brothers is very funny and you will be thoroughly amused throughout this unusual picture.

Melvina Crosby, '37

RADIO RECREATION

My hobby is collecting different articles about radio stars and their programs. At the present time I have many little booklets and articles on different things concerning the radio. I have many favorite programs that come on every day of the week and some come only once a week. Each year the different programs have small leaflets which you can send for that tell of the different events on these programs. I also cut items out of the paper about these players. Once a month I usually have a radio magazine which tells more about these things. Of all of these that I listen to, I find "One Man's Family" the most interesting. It tells of the different events in a family of today.

Patricia Nye, '38

FACTS ABOUT THE NATIONAL GUARD CAMP

Most people do not know that there is a National Guard Camp being built in Sandwich, and that it is the largest of its kind in America. It covers 14,000 acres and has already cost the government two million dollars. It will have four swimming pools, four athletic fields, open air theatres, hospitals with operating rooms and all the equipment needed for any casualty, paved roads, a water system of its own just like that of a city, shower baths, lavatories, an airport, etc.

They are building a road four miles long that will go from Route 28 right to the camp; this will cut out traffic going through the center of Falmouth. The main part of the camp has already been built, but much of the work still remains.

If you are interested in the camp, you can be admitted from Monday to Friday during working hours.

Roland Baker, '39.

JOYS OF LIFE

Life is made worthwhile by many things. One of the most important of these is love. To be welcomed by a joyous family when returning from work or school, to have your dog lick you or your horse whinny for you, this is true affection, one of the chief joys.

Then, too, to be busy is to be happy; and when you are working for other people, and rendering your service to your town, country, or business, you are making your life worthwhile; because you know, to give is better than to get.

These are but a few of life's joys; there are many more, and if you will seek them out, you will help make this world a better place to live in.

April Oursler, '39



EDITORIALS

OPPORTUNITY

"They do me wrong who say I come
no more,
When once I knock and fail to find
you in;
For every day I stand outside your
door,
And bid you wake and rise to fight
and win."

Now that we are starting a new second semester, we have our opportunity to begin it with a clean slate, and start out afresh. This is a good time to make some resolutions; so let's begin right now. We can't make your resolutions for you, but maybe we can give some ideas. How has your attitude toward your teachers and your lessons been? Has your homework been faithfully completed every day, and have you thought of your own personal appearance? Probably you can think of some better ideas that fit you personally, but no matter what they may be, always remember that everyone has room for self-improvement.

Betty Davis, '37
Associate Editor-in-Chief.

BROADCASTER CAMPAIGN

Again Navy came over the top, with \$11.25 to Army's \$9.60 in the second campaign. Room Two won the banner; Rooms II, VII, VIII, and V had 100%; Lucille Studley received the award for getting the greatest number of subscriptions. Once more may we thank you for your support.

Robert Simmons, '37

THE COMMON SCHOOL IS THE GREATEST DISCOVERY EVER MADE BY MAN

What if Horace Mann had never been born? Suppose he had never thought of the organization of American schools? Then what? Why, of course we would all stay at home and listen to the radio, or maybe we'd play checkers, or go to Boston on the train, or read a book. Wouldn't that be much more fun than going to school and pondering over books all day?

But let us look on the more practical side of this problem. In the first place, it is doubtful whether or not we would have radios if there were no schools to train young hopeful inventors. Would we be able to go to Boston on the train if the inventors had not been trained in grammar school and then in high school, and learned to concentrate and study engineering? And the books that we would read if there were no school—did not schools play another important role here, also? They taught the authors how to express their views and ideas.

Probably many of you readers plan to attend a normal school and then go into the profession of teaching. You owe another debt to Horace Mann, as he organized the first normal school. He traveled to Europe at his own expense to gain knowledge of school systems there, that we might profit from his experience—do we fully appreciate this? All in all, we owe a debt to Horace Mann which may never be repaid in full. Horace Mann, hero of American public education!

Betty Davis, '37
Associate Editor-in-Chief.

HARK YE, STUDENT COUNCIL!

What has become of the enthusiasm and pep which marked the founding of the Student Council last year? What has become of the Student Council's resolve to do bigger, better and finer things for the improvement of dear old J. H. S. ?

Last year, they started with flying colors—formed the "Clean-Up" Squad, the room council, quieted down the lunchroom, and did many other things which greatly improved our school. We congratulate you for these things, but why not continue with the good work this year?

We all must admit the school is entirely too noisy while passing in the halls, at the lockers, and when entering the building after lunch. Perhaps, the imposing of a few minor penalties, which proved so successful last year, would remedy this matter.

The formation of the Student Council—its ideals and principles are splendid. With the aid of the home room officers, division leaders, room council members, and the traffic squad, it should forge ahead—not go backwards.

Muriel Gediman, '38
Assistant Editor.

GOOD OLD CAPE COD

Sunshine, swimming, and strawberries! So might be a definition of Cape Cod given by a person living in the city. But let's "go behind the headlines" as you say when picking up a newspaper, and see what this definition means.

Sunshine—not too much and not too little. In the summertime while people are sweltering in the hot cities, we on Cape Cod loll in a luxurious salt water bath—the ocean. Then too, we do not experience the terrific

droughts which sweep the Western States and terrorize the hearts of the persons living there.

The spring and fall are lovely, and even in the winter it is not too cold. We need never fear for floods as do the people in the Midwestern States who this year have been thrown into the throes of disaster by the menacing waters of the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers.

All in all, Cape Cod is a grand place to live in. There are very few spots in this glorious country of ours that are equal to our own Cape Cod.

Muriel Gediman, '38.
Assistant Editor.

HOMEWORK

Our student body has one hope in mind—that some of this unnecessary homework will be banished. It seems rather unfair to us that we must spend so much of our time indoors. We go home only to study in the afternoon, and then again, after dinner. Could we not study out-of-doors in the fresh air? Most pupils would much rather have a longer school day and not so much homework, thus working in time for play as well as work.

Upon inquiring, seventeen out of twenty pupils have emphatically approved of this plan.

If only the school authorities would consider this proposition, we might put a ban on excessive home lessons, thus having more free time at home.

We do not necessarily mean that all homework be banished, but we do wish that the unnecessary hours usually spent in studying might be put to better advantage, such as reading, self-improvement, or to hobbies.

Betty Davis, '37
Associate Editor-in-Chief.



HONOR ROLL

November

Ninth Grade: Richard Barry, Anne Burgess, Bille Carlson, Clayton Collins, Elizabeth Davis, Warren Davis, Dorothy Francis, Milford Hatch, Jeannette Hurford, Roberta Jones, Charlotte McKenzie, John Mixer, Irene Sherman, and Gillian Williams.

Eighth Grade: Gertrude Atkinson, Carol Barrows, Muriel Gediman, and Mary Ignos.

Seventh Grade: Louise Brown, Madalyn Hathaway, and Jean Wagner.

December

Ninth Grade: Richard Barry, Anne Burgess, Bille Carlson, Clayton Collins, Dorothy Francis, Milford Hatch, Jeannette Hurford, and Irene Sherman.

Eighth Grade: Gertrude Atkinson, Carol Barrows, Muriel Gediman, Mary Ignos, and Anita Manley.

Seventh Grade: John Lawrence.

School Notes

January

Ninth Grade: Richard Barry, Anne Burgess, Bille Carlson, Clayton Collins, Betty Davis, Cecilia Dutra, Dorothy Francis, Milford Hatch, Jeannette Hurford, Roberta Jones, Charlotte McKenzie, John Mixer, Irene Sherman, and Gillian Williams.

Eighth Grade: Gertrude Atkinson, Carol Barrows, Muriel Gediman, Mary Ignos, Anita Manley, Evelyn Orr, and Elizabeth Schroeder.

Seventh Grade: Muriel Carl, John Lawrence, Eleanor McLaughlin, Evangeline Tollio, and Jean Wagner.

ASSEMBLIES

Lately we have had a number of very interesting assemblies. One of the most unusual was one on November 19 when Robert Zimmerman spoke on his daring exploits in salvaging cargoes of wrecked and sunken ships. Mr. Zimmerman, a former Olympic aquatic star, told of how he and some associates formed a company to salvage the cargo of a ship grounded on a coral reef in the West Indies. On the stage were a complete diving outfit, a number of implements used in salvaging and many queer marine specimens.

We held our annual Turkey Day assembly on November 25. Milford Hatch read a proclamation of Indian Day and Betty Davis, one of Thanksgiving. A poem about the Pilgrims was read by Shirley Barrows. Mr. Handy introduced the Rev. David Talmage of the Methodist church who was the main speaker.

ASSEMBLIES

continued

It must have been "swingtime" on December 4 for the Silvertone Orchestra indulged in quite a bit of modern rhythm. Many were surprised, but delighted when the curtain rose displaying the orchestra of four players. The members are Herbert Tyler, saxophone and clarinet; George Thayer, saxophone and drums; Robert Stevenson, banjo; and Elva Carl, piano. They played a number of popular pieces and by the sound of the applause they must have been good.

On December 14 Miss Fogg of the Sargent School of Physical Education spoke to the girls of the Junior and Senior High Schools on physical education as a profession. She told us of a number of professional fields to which we had given little thought before and probably helped a number of the girls come to decisions over their futures.

For many years a Christmas pageant has been presented, but 1936 saw a change. Under the direction of Mrs. Abbott and Miss Sheehan, Dickens's "Christmas Carol" was presented successfully to the Junior and Senior High Schools. The cast included Lester Crane as Bob Cratchit, Muriel Gediman as his wife, Robert Simmons as the miserly Scrooge, James Wright, the ghost of Marley, Warren Davis as Scrooge's nephew, Clayton Collins and Milford Hatch as solicitors, Virginia Rowe as the Cratchit's daughter Martha, Patty Berg as another daughter Belinda, Richard Barry as son Peter, David Whittemore as Tom, a son of the Cratchits, Thomas Hart as another son Bob, John Ballard as Tiny Tim, and John Mixer as the "Boy".

Mr. Fitzpatrick had charge of the stage and was assisted by Carl Palmer and Inman Soule. Miss Arenovski and Miss Lathrop made up the characters and the chimes were provided by Jean Hall. The prologue was read by Shirley

Barrows while many costumes were obtained from various townspeople by Melvina Crosby, property manager.

The Junior High Orchestra made its first public appearance January 12 under the direction of Mr. Howard. Three members who played solos were John Lawrence, violin; Muriel Carl, trumpet; and Muriel Gediman, piano. They rendered a number of pieces very well and Mr. Howard hopes that this group will be the foundation of another large orchestra.

The second in a series of Spelling Bees was held January 15. Students from the eighth grade rooms competed. The contest was hard fought and as it narrowed down to two people, Carol Barrows of Room One and Mary Ignos of Room Six were left standing. The battle finally ended with Carol the victor and Room One, the winners.

At a special assembly on January 20 the school listened to the second inauguration of Franklin D. Roosevelt as President. A radio was loaned by the Falmouth Electric Company and proved to have excellent reception.

On January 29 the school enjoyed a movie on Glacier National Park. This movie was loaned by the United States Bureau of Education and we are hoping for many more good ones.

On February 12, we honored the one hundred twenty-eighth birthday of Abraham Lincoln. Betty Davis had charge of the assembly which featured a "Proclamation of Lincoln Day", read by Muriel Gediman, and a talk by the Reverend Ralph Long of the First Congregational Church. He outlined the life of the martyr president, and told us of the factors which made him the kind and honest man that was beloved o'er all the world.

Melvina Crosby, '37

NEW ENGLAND MUSIC FESTIVAL

On Saturday, March 13, Cape Cod will entertain the students who will take part in the New England Music Festival, given at Barnstable. There is to be a matinee and an evening performance.

From the Henry Ward Hall School will go only one representative; Milford Hatch has been chosen to play his saxophone in the Symphony Orchestra. Several Lawrence High School students, members of the school orchestra, as well as a group of Junior girls, will participate.

THE CHANDLER McLANE TROPHY

Room Seven has won the Chandler McLane Trophy for the next semester with a total of 34 points. Room Eight came in second with 26 points. This trophy represents all hard work in citizenship, scholarship, and athletics that Room Seven has been doing all through the first half of the year. It is now back in its old place on the bookcase, where it was for the first five months of the year.

Shirley Barrows, '37.

NINTH GRADE CLASS OFFICERS

President—Clayton Collins.

Vice-President—Betty Davis

Secretary—Milford Hatch

Treasurer—Jeannette Hurford

At a recent meeting class pins were discussed and it was decided to continue with the same design as last year's.

A committee was appointed to select a class gift to the school. The committee was as follows: Constance DeMello, Warren Davis, Jeannette Hurford, Roberta Jones, Inman Soule, and Dorothy Rogers.

A party was suggested, also, but no action was taken.

Shirley Barrows, '37

HOME ROOM OFFICERS

Room One

Officers: President, Gertrude Atkinson; Vice-President, Nancy Haskins; Secretary, Carol Barrows; Treasurer, Patty Berg.



Room Two "Crusaders"

Motto: "Silence is Golden."

Officers: President, Robert Simmons; Vice-President, Gillian Williams; Secretary, Irene Sherman; Treasurer, Azel Young.

Room Three "The High Flyers"

Motto: "Two things indicate a strong mind,—to speak when it is proper to speak, and to be silent when it is proper to be silent."

Officers: President, Virginia Rowe; Vice-President, Barbara Wright; Secretary, Elizabeth Schroeder; Treasurer, Antone Souza.



Room Four "The White Eagles"

Officers: President, Marion Mohr; Vice-President, Stephen McInnis; Secretary, Henry Murray; Treasurer, John Lawrence.

Room Five

Officers: President, Norman Eldridge; Vice-President, Roland Baker; Secretary, Muriel Carl; Treasurer, Gene Pollard.



Room Six "The Minute Men"

Motto: "Take care of the minutes and the hours will take care of themselves."

Officers: President, Anita Manley; Vice-President, Shirley Landers; Secretary, George Mixer; Treasurer, Evelyn Orr.



**Room Seven
"Shamrocks"**

Motto: "Virtue is ever green and flourishing."

Officers: President, Clayton Collins; Vice-President, Betty Davis; Secretary, Constance DeMello; Treasurer, Stanley Burgess.

Room Eight

Motto: "The best class is the class that has been taught to say, 'I ought; I can; I will.'"

Officers: President, Jeannette Hurford; Vice-President, Milford Hatch; Secretary, Roberta Jones; Treasurer, Lila Haram.

SCHOOL NEWS

Christmas parties were enjoyed in all the rooms in the Junior High School.

Several candy sales were given by the home-rooms to swell the school fund.

F. J. H. S. CONTRIBUTIONS FOR FLOOD VICTIMS

The Junior High School showed that they could also do their part for the suffering flood victims of Ohio, by taking up a collection from the classrooms for any discarded clothing, toys food, and money. Every member of the school contributed generously, and in addition, a candy sale was given. The total amount was \$25.50.

Roberta Jones, 37.

OLDER GIRLS' CONFERENCE

When—April 3, 1937. **First Saturday in April.**

Where—Right in our own school in Falmouth.

Who—Any girl on Cape Cod in or above the ninth grade of High School who wishes to go.

How Much—Just one dollar and that includes a real banquet dinner and a whole day's entertainment.

STAND BY THE HELM AND CHART YOUR COURSE WISELY is the motto and the whole conference will be nautical.

Those who went to Provincetown last year and to Yarmouth the year before know what fun it is to spend the day with girls from other schools on Cape Cod.

This conference is non-sectarian and arranged by the physical education teachers. Its purpose is twofold:

1. to provide for all Cape Cod Girls of high school age an opportunity to travel and learn how to meet others.
2. to give these girls a desire for and an inspiration in right living.

As far as we know such a girls' conference is unknown elsewhere in the vicinity. Falmouth girls are the hostesses this year. Let's all get behind it together and make it not only the most talked of event on Cape Cod this year, but the biggest and the best conference ever to be held on Cape Cod.

Ruth Mullaney,
Supervisor of Phys. Ed.

ASSOCIATE-EDITOR ON WORLD TRIP

John T. Hough, co-editor of the *Broadcaster*, is a fortunate lad. On December 12 he left New York with his grandfather on the Silver Line freighter, "Silverpine" for Capetown and other parts of South Africa, India, Singapore, Batavia, Port Said and the Mediterranean. He expects to return to United States early in April.

The following is an excerpt from his grandfather's letter:

"Here are two circulation-getting pictures of Jack 'getting the works' when he crossed the Line. He argued for twenty-five days with the British officers on the merits of football at Falmouth High School compared with Rugby. As the photos were snapped, Neptune's barber with a three foot razor was saying to him: 'So you don't like soccer.'"

The *Broadcaster* Club just received a letter from John telling of his trip. Here are a few of the interesting details:

"Did not see any land, with the exception of St. Helena in the distance, for twenty-five days. On the twenty-sixth day . . . sighted Table Mt., Capetown . . . during a period of engine trouble we caught a six foot tiger-shark on an improvised hook and line . . . took three men to haul the shark aboard and it weighed 117 lbs. . . . 'Chips' lit into it with an axe and decapitated it and disemboweled it . . . disappointment . . . nothing exciting inside . . . seven days at the Union of South Africa . . . saw Capetown . . . beautiful . . . traveled thousand miles up to Pretoria . . . then to Durban . . . three days here . . . I think it is the best city in South Africa."

Brilliant!

Miss A.: Give me two pronouns.

A. A.: Who? Me?



Too True!

Miss L.: "What is meaning of this word, gosling?"

Frank P.: (Always answering out of turn) "A young goose!"

(Question:—Why did the class laugh?)

GENERAL COUNCIL

Clayton Collins—Chairman.

Room Representatives:

One—Nancy Haskins.

Two—Robert Simmons.

Three—Angelo Serrano.

Four—Harold Nickerson.

Five—Muriel Carl.

Six—Shirley Landers.

Seven—Betty Davis.

Eight—Milford Hatch.

The Student Council has been fairly busy this year.

Committees were appointed to welcome the Mashpee and Yarmouth Basketball Teams when they played here.

The Council sponsored a drive for school fund money and held several candy sales.

It had charge of the Flood Relief campaign and collected clothes and fruit.

The clean-up squad has been active, each room taking turns, one week each.

How about a little more cooperation on the part of you, students, however, to help settle the school's problems in order that we may better the school in every way.

Clayton Collins, '37

NINTH GRADE CANDY SALE

Again, the Ninth Grade has come through with flying colors. This time it was a Candy Sale for the benefit of the school in general. It was given on January 20. The ninth graders contributed generously with both money and candy. The salesgirls were three ambitious Ninth Graders; Charlotte McKenzie, Betty Davis, and Constance DeMello. The proceeds were \$3.50.

Roberta Jones, '37.

**ROOM SEVEN ENTERTAINS
NINTH GRADE**

Small boys clambered up the wall and peered in the windows of the lighted gym. What was going on? A basketball game? You guessed wrong, it was the Ninth Grade being entertained by Room Seven on the evening of December 18. In one corner stood a fully decorated Christmas tree. Many pine boughs scattered around gave a holiday air to the gym. There was a large crowd out, and all enjoyed themselves at the various games. Prizes of bags of candy were awarded as follows: Betty Davis, for the turtle race; Dorothy Rogers, beano; Inman Soule, darts; Lois Davis, beans in the jar; and Stanley Burgess and Melvina Crosby, the ring toss. Dancing didn't seem to be a strong point with our class. Such a good time was had by all that when the time came to go, nobody wanted to leave.

The chaperons were Miss Arenovski, Miss Lathrop, Mr. Frank and Mr. Fitzpatrick.

Shirley Barrows, '37

EIGHTH GRADE NEWS

The recent Eighth Grade Spelling Bee proved to be a very interesting one. There were many excellent spellers and the last two to spell against each other were Carol Barrows and Mary Ignos. Carol won the banner for room one when Mary from Room Six misspelled "kindergarten", a tricky word. Congratulations to Room One!

The Eighth Grade candy sale last month was very successful. Though some eighth graders forgot their candy or money, the results were satisfactory and helped to increase the school fund. The pupils were glad to assist, and expect to have even better success with their next candy sale.

Shirley Landers, '38

(School Notes Continued on Page 24)



F. J. H. S. FOOTBALL RECORD

The record of the undefeated, untied, and unscored on, F. J. H. S. football team:

Nov. 13—Falmouth 13, Yarmouth, 0.

Nov. 20—Falmouth 19, Wareham, 0.

Falmouth 19, Yarmouth, 0.

Richard Barry, '37

BOYS' BASKETBALL NEWS COURT SHOTS

1937 termed the schools best basketball year for activity . . . plenty of games for both boys and girls . . . boys have won two and lost two to date . . . Scored 80 points to opponent's 59 . . . Breivogel leads team with 18 . . . Soule next with seventeen . . . Wright, Santos, Crane, Moniz, Collins, Faria, and Ignos follow in order . . . team's strength hurt by absence of Parker and Peters from lineup . . . Marks reason . . . have had games with Bourne and Yarmouth . . . ought to have games with Wareham and Barnstable . . . boys will be busy if they enter Stoughton tournament . . . would have time though to schedule a game with Barnstable and get revenge for our football defeat.

FALMOUTH FRESHMEN DEFEATED BY BOURNE SECONDS

In their first start of the current basketball season, the Falmouth Junior High basketball team lost a heart-breaking decision to the Bourne High School Seconds, 14-13. The winning tally came in the last twenty seconds

SPORTS

of play, when Lindquist, of Bourne sank a field basket. Dick Breivogel, at left forward, played a "bang-up" game for F. J. H. S., scoring eight of their thirteen points. For Bourne, Lindquist and Christopulos, at right forward and center respectively starred for Bourne. Falmouth's strength was seriously hampered by the absence of Avant, Parker, and Peters from the lineup because of marks. The lineups:

| Bourne | Falmouth |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Lindquist, rf | lg, Moniz |
| Christoffie, lf | rg, Baker |
| Christopulos, c | c, Soule |
| Geiger, rg | lf, Breivogel |
| Alleitta, lg | rf, Wright |

F. J. H. S. WINS EASILY

Flashing a much improved offensive attack, the Falmouth Junior High Basketball Team swamped Yarmouth Junior High, 31-10, on Feb. 10, at Falmouth. Soule and Breivogel were the "big guns" for the victors with the whole team showing a great deal of improvement. Yarmouth, a much smaller school, provided sufficient opposition to make it a fast exciting game. The lineups:

| Falmouth | Yarmouth |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| Wright, rf | lg, Marchant |
| Breivogel, lf | rg, Studley |
| Soule, c | c, Wixon |
| Baker, rg | lf, Leighton |
| Moniz, lg | rf, Dauphinas |

Richard Barry, '37

MASHPEE DEFEATS EIGHTH GRADERS

Mashpee defeated Eighth Grade Boys Basketball Team 24-3 on Friday January 22nd. Mashpee showed better passing and shooting due to more practice. John Corey and Jooseph Cardeiro were the scorers on the J. H. S. team. The lineups were as follows:

| Junior High School | Mashpee |
|--------------------|--------------|
| Santos, lf | rg, Green |
| Martin, rf | lg, Frye |
| Mixer, c | c, Hicks |
| Corey, rg | lf, Peters |
| Cardeiro, lg | rf, Newcombe |

Richard Hewins, '38

BOURNE FRESHMEN SCORE VICTORY

Although they played a fine game throughout, the F. J. H. S. basketballers fell short of winning from Bourne by four points and suffered their second setback. The score, in the game played on Feb. 12 on the gym floor at Falmouth was 20-16. Soule showed up well at the pivot post for Falmouth, scoring four field baskets, while Geiger, at left forward for Bourne also tossed four through the rim. The lineups:

| Falmouth | Bourne |
|---------------|----------------|
| Wright, lf | rg, Pellegrini |
| Breivogel, lf | lg, Bourne |
| Soule, c | c, Gibbs |
| Baker, lg | rf, Harris |
| Moniz, rg | lf, Geiger |

Substitutions: Crane for Baker, Santos for Wright, Ignos for Moniz, Hatch for Ignos, Davis for Hatch, Faria for Davis.

Field Goals: Soule, 4; Geiger, 4; Gibbs, 2; Pellegrini, 2; Wright, 2; Breivogel, 2; Harris, 1.

Foul Goals: Gibbs, 2.

Richard Barry, '37

JUNIOR VARSITY OVERWHELMS YARMOUTH

After feeling the sting of defeat on February 12, at the hands of Bourne, Coach Frank's hoopsters roared into action on February 17, and buried Yarmouth under their blue and gold avalanche to the tune of 20-15. Wright looked greatly improved for the victors, while Wixon and Marchant turned in their steady performances for the losers.

Richard Barry, '37.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL NEWS

When Miss Arenovski issued the call for candidates for the girls' basketball team a large number of girls turned out. Tuesdays and Fridays were given over for practice.

Adeline Mills was elected captain of the Room Eight team and Ida McCabe manager. In Room Seven Connie DeMello was elected captain and Betty Davis manager.

In the only game played between these two rooms, Room Seven won, 18-10. The seventh and eighth grades combined played the Mashpee seventh and eighth grades and lost by the score of 12-11. The ninth grade, with Adeline Mills leading the way, defeated the High School second team 18-14.

The girls who played in these games are Adeline Mills, Shirley Barrows, Dorothy Francis, Betty Davis, Connie DeMello, Charlotte McKenzie, Rebecca Cahoon, Isabelle Rose, Pauline Hicks, Anita Haynes, Beatrice DeManche, Kathleen Stevens, Jill Williams, Jean Hall, April Oursler, Evangeline Tollo, Virginia Rowe, Jean Wagner, Marguerite Carlson, Marion Mohr, Mary McAdams, Dorothy Burke, Norma Peterson, Dorothy Rogers, Marguerite Lambert, and Jean Collins.

Connie DeMello, '37

F. J. H. S. GIRLS VICTORS TWICE OVER BOURNE

The Falmouth Junior High School Girls' Basketball Team defeated the Bourne Freshmen on Wednesday, February 6th at Bourne. Falmouth led by a good margin all the way and the outcome was never in doubt. Final score was 20-5.

On Wednesday, February 12, a return game was played with Bourne at the local gym. Falmouth sextet easily defeated Bourne again by a score of 21-12.

The co-captains of the Ninth Grade Team are Connie DeMello and Adeline Mills. Rebecca Cahoon is manager.

Lineup is as follows:

| Bourne | Falmouth |
|-------------|--------------|
| Carradi, lf | rf, Mills |
| Brown, rf | lf, DeMello |
| Lewis, c | c, Cahoon |
| Ames, sc | sc, Hicks |
| Handy, lg | lg, Haynes |
| Earle, rg | rg, Williams |

Substitutions: Falmouth, Hall, Francis for Mills; McAdams, Francis for DeMello; Rose for Cahoon; McKenzie, Davis for Hicks; Peterson, Stevens for Haynes; DeManche for Williams.

Substitutions: Bourne, Peglarrani for Carradi; McComiskey for Brown; Cunningham for Lewis.

Mills was the high scorer for Falmouth and Carradi for Bourne.

Connie DeMello, '37

COURT SHOTS

Girls' basketball season very successful . . . seventh and eighth graders staged first close exciting game with Mashpee . . . lost in the last seconds of play . . . Jean Hall, forward . . . Norman Peterson, guard, outstanding players . . . have expectations of winning their game with Bourne eighth graders on March 2 . . . ninth graders with Mills and DeMello, forwards; Cahoon and Hicks, centers; Haynes and Williams, guards, and all the other "subs" have encountered little opposition except with the L. H. S. teams . . . Hope for round-robin tournament at end of season . . . maybe two games with Barnstable Freshmen.

SEVENTH AND EIGHTH GRADE GIRLS DEFEATED

On Wednesday, February 10th, the Girls' Seventh and Eighth Grade Basketball Team played in the Bourne Grammar School gymnasium. Falmouth lost by the score of 13-6, but Coach Arenovski's girls fought all the way through and showed considerable improvement over their first game of the season with Mashpee.

Before the game Jean Hall was elected captain of the team and Jean Wagner, manager.

The girls who played in this game are: Jean Hall, Jean Wagner, April Oursler, Marguerite Carlson, Marion Mohr, Dorothy Burke, Marguerite Lumbert, Marguerite Troop, and Norma Peterson.

Connie DeMello, '37.

F. J. H. GIRLS VARSITY STILL UNDEFEATED

Two practice games were played with the High School on Tuesday, Feb. 16. The High School Second Team defeated the Junior High School by the score of 26-6, while the upsetting result of the first team game was 19-19 after a close game of hard fighting by both teams.

First team lineup is as follows:

| High School | Junior High School |
|--------------|--------------------|
| Densmore, rf | rf, DeMello |
| Hall, lf | lf, Mills |
| Tobey, c | c, Cahoon |
| Goffin, sc | sc, Hicks |
| Scharff, rg | rg, Williams |
| Studley, lg | lg, Haynes |

Substitutions: Junior High, Francis for DeMello; Rose for Cahoon; McKenzie and Davis for Hicks; Francis for Williams.

Substitutions: High School, Morrison for Hall.

Connie DeMello, '37

(School Notes Continued from Page 20)

SEVENTH GRADE NEWS

Thrift Banner.

For the first half of the year, Rooms Three and Five had a close race for possession of the Thrift Banner. Room Five captured it eleven out of the possible eighteen times.

To start the second semester, they both received it once, making the race a tie. We wish them the best of luck.

Jean Davis, '39.

ROOM THREE NEWS

During the month of January, Room Three captured two banners; the Attendance Banner and the Thrift Banner. They had received the Thrift Banner many times before, but they had never before received the Attendance Banner, which they hope to get often too.

Jean Wagner, '39.

SOPH NOTES

A certain young soph (last year's handsomest) who takes Shop at the J. H. S. has eyes for that hard working Anna of "Her Incubator Husband."

The Community Center is a very large place with many spacious recreation rooms and halls, but that champion pong player only has eyes for one Hall. There must be something of a recreational nature in this Hall, eh!

The personification of Woods Hole femininity (in the eyes of one person) is still wondering why her admiring boy friend of a few months hence hasn't pestered her with "Bell" calls.

Boys who are attending prep schools have a knack of supplying the home town girl friends with little insignias and missives that lean toward the sugary side of life.

EXCHANGE NOTES

"The March", Easton, Pennsylvania. Some good stories which we enjoyed. Particularly "A Measley Life", a story of a family of measles germs who entered a house to spread the dreaded disease only to be thwarted by "Murgytroyd's Measle Menace", the only good measles preventative in the world.

"The Phillipian", Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. Where did you get all the poets? Five from one school is quite a number. Some papers would do well to take some examples from your joke column.

"The Lincoln Junior Times", Duluth, Minnesota. Stories galore and all good ones are found in this magazine. We particularly enjoyed "Flash! Bunyan Quits Logging", a humorous story of the giant logger, Paul Bunyan, in the throes of building a house.

"The Junior Narrator", Norwood, Massachusetts. Your club news was distinctly good and so were your sports. Both interestingly written up.

Milford Hatch, '37

BONERS

"The water was dissolved in a liquid."

"A leper is a man with skin on his bones."

C. Mc—: "A parasite is something that can't make its own living."

Mr. Frank: "Name three leading corn states in U. S."

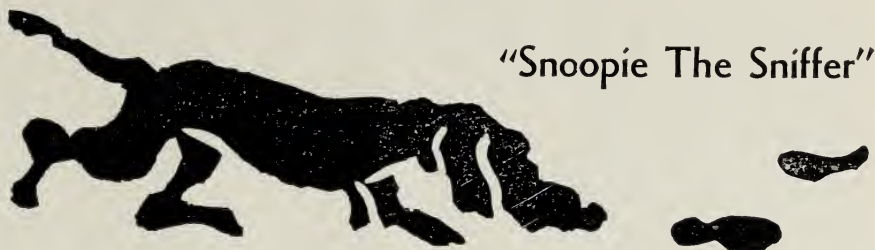
Seventh Graders: "Europe, Canada, Argentina."

Mr. Frank: "What is the lesson for to-day?"

Bright Student: "To prepare for a corn test."

Mr. Fitz—'s eighth grade science class was trying to tell Mr. Frank's seventh grade science class what chemicals were used to purify water.

Here are some of their bright answers: Gravity, Steam.



"Snoopy The Sniffer"

Plea to Public

Snoopy has a bone to pick with all those lads and lasses who are constantly changing their minds about their respective beaux and bow-wearers. Your inquisitive correspondent goes ahead, writes the Snoopy Column about two days ahead, hoping the cases involved will stand the strain for some forty-eight hours but frequently they change their minds and make the unfortunate writer size up the situation all over again. Much more of this constant subbing of sweethearts and Sncopie promises to sue each and everyone involved, for alterations of affections.

—

This next case will be questioned by many, but nevertheless it's true. A rather intelligent lad of 7A (musician, honor student, and ping pong player deluxe) was in math class, and wished to exchange papers for correction. He reached for the pretty lass's paper next to him, his hand missed the foolscap but contacted a hand. Mr. Fitzpatrick took in the situation at a glance and remarked "Holding hands again, yes John?"

The little flash from Room Seven, Pete, (you know the lad who sometimes looks as if his hair was finger waved) has an eye for a Room Eight brunnette, she of the Claudette Colbert bangs and million dollar smile. Movies and other miscellaneous dates compromise to give Snoopy the low down.

Snoopy was walking home from an afternoon session with the English teacher when along came the Civics teacher with two pecks aboard his little coupe. Mr. Broadbent seems to have an unusually large amount of knowledge concerning town hall, finance board, **Water Werks** etc. Now the source of the knowledge is known.

—

The longest gent in the ninth grade seems to find Noyse consoling to the heart. He's got both heart balm and Barb's heart, eh!

—

Snoopy wonders if our fellow editor who is seeing the world with his pop's pop has sent the little double braided lass postcards or resemblances of himself. We all know that he'll be back soon, but more than one girl has yearned for his black inclined-to-curl hair and dimpled chin.

—

You can't always win. "Win" found that out the other day when he lost a date. They are going to start all over again and Win hopes to win this time. Come on, "Win", get going!

—

The gypsy-footed six footer of 9B has again turned back to his first lady-friend. No relation to that famous comic strip character who explores the stratosphere in a rocket ship, but bears the same surname.

The assistant editor of this Broadcaster can't quite make up her chestnut-colored head about male friends. About two months ago it was that blonde-haired young man from Quissett who is in his own right quite a yodeller, but now it's a mystery, but Snoobie has an idea that he thinks about ninety-nine and nine-tenths correct.

That blonde-haired boy from Room Seven who aspires to become an Annapolis tar, has quite a crush on the daughter of a certain pharmacist of note. You know row, row, row your boat, etc!

Snoobie has found out where the diminutive seventh grade reporter's heart is roving these days. The lad involved is a close relative of Room Seven's basketball captain.

The Man from Schoolday Yard again gets a choice bit for you gossip-loving readers of this newsy manuscript. It seems that a certain little female who answers to the manly name of "Pat" is taking a fancy to our super-athlete.

Snoobie now brings you the weather report! Fog descending down upon this peaceful hamlet from around the regions of Newton. Rather thick (with lass from Waquoit). This is the flash that Snoobie sends out to all concerned from his weather predicting post on the school weather vane.

It happened on the eve of Jan. 17th, rather a dramatic opening sentence but not half as gripping as what is to follow. The ninth grade English teacher was actually seen at the movies with a gentleman. No amount of snooping nor scouting was overlooked to endeavor to get the name of the gentleman in question, but the name still is cloaked in the cloak of mystery. Snoobie is putting the case under the S. B. I. files (Still Being Investigated) until something new crops up in the solving of the mystery.

The Sherlock of Schoolday Yard has noticed that the little red-haired seventh grader, who has a perpetual habit of making the Honor Roll, has taken a fancy to a short (stout) gent from that elementary university on the banks of Shiverick's.

At the recent ninth grade affair, Snoobie on duty as usual, that most eligible bachelor was seen tripping those difficult square cuts and quadrilles with the ninth grade's nearest approach to the Tournament of Roses' Queen. He must be a pretty good monopoly player, rather consistent.

Snoobie by hook or by crook managed to get this choice tidbit for your readers. It seems that the right lad hasn't found the right girl yet. He can't decide on that highly magnified icicle from High St., or that charming ninth grade tap-dancer deluxe. He thinks they are both "de lovely."

The Chief of Police's "Junny" has been seen making eyes at the prominent female basketball who is the daughter of Falmouth's fish king.

The owner of that sour bass voice whose principal "mellidy" is "No Homework Today," had a date broken by the English teacher the other day, and no amount of heckling in his part could persuade her to let him into the promised land, the theatre, with "Short, Nice and Sweet."



PRATTVILLE PRATTLE

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Train Schedule

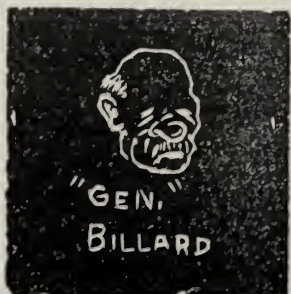
9:20 arrives 10:10, 10:30,
11:30 or 12:

You Never Miss
A "Magnet"
Mac's Cuspadore
Shop

Rev. Attlewood's Shed Burns To Ground

Rev. P. J. Attlewood's
shed burned smack to the
ground Monday leaving
only its charred remains
and three rows of black-
ened whiskey bottles, which
the Rev. quickly brought
into the house.

Our dearly beloved com-
rade, Banstad Coggin,
stalled on the Turnpike,
and believing he was out
of gas, lit a match to in-
spect the tank.



A Correction

Last week the Prattle
stated that Major (?) J.
Ashley, editor of the Plunk,
has the brains of a mule.
This must have been a
typographical error. Maj.
Ashley hasn't the brains of
a mule.

AT THE TOWN MEETING

One of the highlights of
the meeting came when Eb
Tyde demanded a hard-
ened road out to his house
two miles in the woods.
Jonah Pockens, ex-boxing
champion of Chud's Coun-
ty, violently opposed the
issue; words flew thick and
fast between the two, un-
til at last a physical con-
flict ensued. Now there is
no need for a road.

"General" Billard, who
opposed the construction
of a much-needed athletic
field, pointed out to the
townsfolk how a large field
like the proposed wasn't
needed. He says Miss
Pichit's hen yard would be
much better, and cheaper;
a baseball diamond could
be made where the water
trough is now, and instead
of hitting the ball, they
could let it go. Evidently,
from the way the vote car-
ried, the people do not
think it worth the money,
to make the children a
safe playground, and a de-
cent place for contests.

Robert Simmons, '37.



Contributed SPRING

The flowers in the fields
are blooming;
The skies above are blue;
The leaves are rustling in
the trees,
And seem to say "Yoo-
Hoo"!

Gone are the chilly winds
of Winter,
Gone is all the snow;
But in the distance 'tis on
the mount' tops,
And looks like dough.

Scents of Summer hasten
'pon us,
As the meadow-lark
Flcats above on wings of
feather,
Until it's dark.

Emma Tusherton
April 19370

The World Saloon
Aristocratic

Jim Rite's Vegetable Counter

- Opposite Theatre -
Rotten Veg. A Specialty
Deluxe kit, with 3 eggs
25c

Come to Prattville



MY DOG!

Who looks at me with loving eyes?
 Who never, never tells me lies?
 Who snaps contentedly at flies?
 My Dog!

Who barks with joy when I come
 home?
 Who, when I don't, begins to moan?
 Who, when he's sick, utters not one
 groan?
 My Dog!

Who jumps about and begs for fun,
 After the hard day's work is done,
 Just one more long, jolly run?
 My Dog!

Who whines for me when I am blue?
 Who always trusts, whate'er I do?
 Who seems to say, "I do love you"?
 My Dog!

And after the long trip is through,
 And mortals say, "Get along with you!"
 Then I'll hurry straight home to
 My Dog!

Roberta Jones, '37

AUTOGRAPHS

Jeanette Hurford
 Gertrude Krew '37
 Karen Bowman
 Barbara Baugher Clifford
 Phyllis Sunday '39
 Betty Sunday '37
 Henry G. Frank
 Shirley Landers (Shirts) '38
 George Mifer
 Gordon Parker
 Olive Medeiros '38
 Irene Marshall '38
 Guinivere Hinckley '38
 Joseph L. Carolina
 Anita Manley '38
 Barbara Jones '38
 Mary Igmo '38
 Herbert J. Lemoine
 Claire Higgins '38
 Donald "Mac" Quarrle '38
 Evelyn Orr (461 - m)
 Patsy Hye '38 - (you're always)

AUTOGRAPHS

Warren White

Beatrice Atkinson (your pal)

Patty Berg '33

Constance Moore '38

Richard Hawkins '35

W. Earl Steadman '38 (White m-a)

Harry Haskins '35 (B. m.)

John H. Linder

Harvard H. Broadbent

Thomas Grew '38

Paul White '39

Virginia Studley '42

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